the length of Prester Iohns foot: fetch you a haire off the great Chams beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than holde three words conference, with this harpy, you haue no imployment for me?

Pedro None, but to desire your good company.

Benedicke O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure my Ladie Tongue. *exit.*

Pedro Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of signior Benedicke.

Beatrice Indeed my Lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gaue him vse for it, a double heart for his single one, mary once before he wonne it of me, with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I haue lost it.

Pedro You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beatrice So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Counte Claudio, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro Why how now Counte, wherefore are you sad?

Claudio Not sad my Lord.

Pedro How then? sicke?

Claudio Neither, my Lord.

Beatrice The Counte is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Counte, ciuil as an orange, and something of that iealous complexion.

Pedro Ifaith Lady, I think your blazon to be true, though ile be sworne, if he be so, his conceit is false: heere Claudio, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire Hero is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leonato Counte take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beatrice Speake Counte, tis your Qu.

Claudio Silence is the perfectest Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and doate vpon the exchange. *Beatr.*

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you ca
kisse, and let not him speake neither

Pedro Infaith lady you haue a m

Beatr. Yea my lord I thanke it, p
windy side of Care, my cosin tells
her heart

Clau. And so she doth cosin.

Beat. Good Lord for aliance:
world but I, and I am sun-burnt, I
heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro Lady Beatrice, I will get

Beat. I would rather haue one
your grace ne're a brother like you
husbands if a maide coulde come b

Prince Will you haue me? lady.

Beatr. No my lord, vnles I mig
ing-daies, your grace is too costly
beseech your grace pardon me, I w
and no matter.

Prince Your silence most offen
becomes you, for out a question,
hower.

Beatr. No sure my lord, my m
was a starre daunst, and vnder tha
giue you ioy.

Leonato Neece, will you looke
of?

Beat I crie you mercy vncle, b

Prince By my troth a pleasant s

Leon. Theres little of the mela
lord, she is neuer sad, but when she
for I haue heard my daughter say,
vnhappines, and wakt her selfe with

Pedro She cannot indure to he

Leonato O by no meanes, she m
fute.